

Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste vs.

Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Closet:
Behinde the Arras Ile conuey my selfe
To heare the Proceffe. Ile warrant shee'l tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meete that some more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, should o're-heare
The speech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
Oh my offence is ranke, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldest curse vpon't,
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharpe as will:
My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double businesse bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect; what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it selfe with Brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the sweet Heauens
To wash it white as Snow? Whereto serues mercy,
But to confront the visage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp,
My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can serue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther:
That cannot be, since I am still possesst
Of those effects for which I did the Murther.
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th' offence?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences gilded hand may shoue by Iustice,
And oft 'tis seene, the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not so aboue,
There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true Nature, and we our selues compell'd
Euen to the reech and forehead of our faults,
To giue in euidence. What then? What rests?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched state! Oh bosome, blacke as death!
Oh limed soule, that strugling to be free,
Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make assay:
Bow stubborn knees, and heart with strings of Steele,
Be soft as sinewes of the new-borne Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so he goes to Heauen,
And so am I reueng'd: that would be scann'd,
A Villaine kills my Father, and for that
His foule Sonne, do this same Villaine send
To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Reuenge.
He tooke my Father grossely, full of bread,
With all his Crimes broad blowne, as fresh as May,
And how his Audit stands, who knowes, saue Heauen:
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heauie with him: and am I then reueng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soule,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent

When he is drunke asleepe: or in his Rage,
Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some acte
That ha's no rellish of Saluation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother staves,
This Physicke but prolongs thy sickly dayes.
King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight:
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks haue been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace hath scree'nd, and stood betweene
Much heate, and him. Ile silence me e'ne heere:
Pray you be round with him.

Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.

Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not.

Withdraw, I heare him coming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?
Qu. Hamlet, thou hast thy Father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you haue my Father much offended.
Qu. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.
Qu. Why how now Hamlet?
Ham. Whats the matter now?
Qu. Haue you forgot me?
Ham. No by the Rood, not so:
You are the Queene, your Husbonds Brothers wife,
But would you were not so. You are my Mother.
Qu. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not
boudge:

You go not till I set you vp a glasse,
Where you may see the inmost part of you?
Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe, helpe, ho.

Pol. What ho, helpe, helpe, helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.

Pol. Oh I am slaine. *Killes Polonius.*

Qu. Oh me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

Qu. Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this?

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.

Qu. As kill a King?

Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word,

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,
Iooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,

Thou find'st to be too busie, is some danger.
Leane wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,

And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable fluffe;

If damned Custome haue not braz'd it so,
That it is prooffe and bulwarke against Sense.

Qu. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tong,
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an Act

That blurs the grace and blush of Modestie,
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose

From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes

As false as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,

As

As from the body of Contraction pluckes
The very soule, and sweete Religion makes
A rapfidie of words. Heauens face doth glow,
Yea this solidity and compound masse,
With tristfull visage as against the doome,
Is thought-sicke at the act.

Qu. Aye me; what act, that roares so lowd, & thunders in the Index.

Ham. Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,

The counterfet presentment of two Brothers:

See what a grace was seated on his Brow,
Hyperions curles, the front of loue himselfe,

An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercurie

New lighted on a heauen-kissing hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed,

Where every God did seeme to set his Seale,
To giue the world assurance of a man:

This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare

Blasting his wholsom breath. Haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,

And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites vpon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement

Would step from this, to this? What diuell was't,
That thus hath confend you at hoodman-blinde?

O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Marrons bones,

To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame,

When the compulsiue Ardure giues the charge,
Since Frost it selfe, as a chusely doth burne,

As Reason panders Will.

Qu. O Hamlet, speake no more.

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soule,

And there I see such blacke and grained spots,
As will not leaue their Tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to liue

In the ranke sweate of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loue

Over the nasty Syc.

Qu. Oh speake to me, no more,

These words like Daggers enter in mine eares.

No more sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:

A Slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,

A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule,
That from a shelle, the precious Diadem stole,

And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches.

Save me; and houer o're me with your wings

You heauenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?

Qu. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,

That laps't in Time and Passion, lets go by
Th' important ad'ing of your dread command? Oh say.

Ghost. Do not forget; this Visitation

Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.

But looke. Amazement on thy Mother sits;

O step betweene her, and her fighting Soule,

Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest workes.

Speake

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